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### SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The tensile strength of glass has been shown to be between 2,000 and 5,000 pounds per square inch, and the crushing strength between 6,000 and 10,000 pounds.

It is thought probable, says the Engineer, that the government of Victoria will repeat the offer of a high premium for a combined reaper and thrashing machine, suited to Australian requirements.

A prize of \$2,000 has been offered by the Italian government for the transmission of electrical energy.

Mr. W. H. Massey, of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, London, has strongly urged the introduction of a small engine and dynamo-electric machine on each locomotive, in order to supply incandescent lamps, by means of which, he maintains, railroad carriages can be lighted better and cheaper than by gas-jets.

Man, according to Mr. W. J. Knowles, must have taken up his residence in Ireland at a very early stage in the history of the world. Mr. Knowles has discovered flints at Lane and other places on the north-east coast of that country, some of which, he believes, show evident traces of human workmanship. There are other tools which Mr. Knowles has in his possession which seem to indicate that man has lived in Ireland long before the paleolithic period—during, in fact, the glacial epoch.

A correspondent of the Scientific American describes several false comets observed by himself and others in and near Philadelphia within recent years. He ascribes them to reflection by a water-charged atmosphere of the sharp and well-defined flames produced by the ignition of natural gas at the extremity of escape pipes. Other places in Pennsylvania have been the scene of like phenomena under analogous circumstances.

### Soldiers and Churches in Mexico.

W. A. Croft says in a letter from Mexico to the Detroit Post and Tribune: On the ride up to Mexico two things especially attract the attention of the tourist—the soldiers, by their presence, and the priests, by their absence. Every passenger train has one car filled with armed soldiers who accompany it to protect it from highwaymen. The rural guards—rurales, as they are called—also watch its movements. When the engineer whistles for a station the passenger at the window will see a dashing cavalier in a grey uniform of buckskin, fully armed gallop across the fields on a handsome horse and head off the train. He exchanges a few words with the major in command of the train—probably "all well"—and on go the cars again. Sometimes there are two or more of these men in buckskin, and there are 2,000 of them in all watching the railroad interests. It seems to me that all this fuss and parade must be rather a survival of the times of disturbance which recent years have seen, rather than a present necessity, everything here appears to be so quiet and so safe; but perhaps the government knows best.

Of priests there were of course none visible, for priests are prohibited by law from appearing in their robes anywhere in Mexico. The universal confiscation of churches and convents has also subjected this curious property to some strange vicissitudes. As late as the year 1859 one third of all the real and personal property of Mexico was owned by the Catholic church. The Indian reformer and "father of his country," Juarez, rose up and confiscated it all at a blow. Many of the religious institutions were sold out to whomsoever would buy. Some churches are used as tobacco warehouses (some as at Zacatecas and Monterey) for hotels, and some for public schools. I was told that the monastery of Soledad was a stable, and the convent at Orizaba, where we tarried all night, is now the arena for bull-fights! Verily there has been an overturning in Mexico!

### At a Photographer's.

A New York photographer said to a San reporter: "My advice to any person going to have his or her picture taken would be simply to pick out a reliable photographer, one who charges a good price and gives you the worth of your money. Then, when you go to him, do as Daniel Webster did. The portrait painter who was going to make the picture of the great statesman asked him what position he wanted to be taken in. Mr. Webster's reply was: 'Sir, I am in your hands.'"

"Here's a curiosity I want to show you before you go," continued the veteran photographer. "It's the picture of a man who some thirty years ago made a vow that he would never

shave or have his hair cut until Henry Clay was president of the United States. He has kept his vow to this day. His name is A. B. Norton, and he is the editor of a paper somewhere in Texas. He was stopping in New York some time ago, and I made this photograph of him. You see his white beard lies down on his breast, and the snow-white mustaches are hung up over his ears. That's what makes him look like an ape. His hair hangs way down his back, and he declared that scissors had not touched it since he first made the vow thirty years ago.

"When I first began making photographs it took about three minutes to get an impression. I remember how I used to always tell the sitter 'not to wink any oftener than he could help.' Now they can wink as often as they please. Yesterday I took a picture of an old lady with the palsy. She was skaking all over, but I got a photograph that made her look as motionless as the Egyptian sphinx."

"Is the business paying well now?" "Nothing to what it used to, there's so much cutting going on. In one summer I made 32,000 photographs of Tom Thumb and his wife. You'd hardly believe it, but sometimes I have dreams in which a panorama of all the characters I have photographed seems to pass before my eyes. Every face that I see through the camera makes an impression on me which I never forget. So in these queer dreams I will first have a vision of all kinds of eyes. There will be squint eyes, cross eyes, large eyes, staring eyes, mole's eyes, dead, expressionless eyes, and then, oh! how many beautiful eyes. Next comes a procession of noses—long noses, short noses, crooked noses, flat noses, pug noses, Grecian noses, Roman noses, and now and then a nose in full blossom. And then the mouths—mouths large and mouths small, mouths that turn up pleasantly at the corners, and forbidding mouths that turn down at the corners, mouths that cannot be closed without an exertion, and mouths shut so tight that they look as if nothing but a jimmy would open them. But, then, the numberless sweet ones!"

### India's Babies.

Their education, such as it is, begins early in life. Among the plains Indians the baby, as soon as born, is placed in an upright nest made of buffalo hide coming up to its neck. This nest is fastened to a board. Straps are attached which the mother throws over her shoulders. While at work, sometimes she hangs it to a tree, or leans it against a stump. Here the child passes the first year of its life being removed once or twice a day to be washed or dressed. If it attempts to cry, Mrs. Squaw slaps her hand over its mouth, seizes the nose between thumb and finger, and holds on until the child is nearly suffocated. The youngster soon learns the lesson. As the child approaches the age of creeping it gets out of its prison. Girls remain somewhat under the mother's control until twelve or fifteen years of age, at which time they are apt to marry. Their principal resource is playing with dolls. At sixteen their beauty such as it is, is generally gone, the result of their hard life and constant exposure. The boy grows up without any restraint. His mother is not permitted to strike or control him. At the age of six he and his fellows, armed with bows and arrows, roam around, killing birds or shooting at small animals. A little later his father places him in charge of the ponies. He goes out each morning, armed with a lariat and passes the day lassoing the animals and riding them bare-back and without bridle, across the country, becoming by this practice a miracle of horsemanship. If tired of riding he and his companions practice with bow and arrows on such ground squirrels, sparrows or larks as come in their way, or run races on foot. All the while they bet with each other such articles as a boy is likely to have about him, with a true spirit-of the hardened gambler.

### Had a Tearful Piece.

A literary society had assembled at a house on Clifford street the other night when a stranger pulled the bell and said to the gentleman who answered it: "Is this a literary meeting?" "Yes, sir." "Very well; I should like to come in and read my piece." "What is it?" "It is something to draw tears from every eye." "But what's the subject?" "It's about onions, sir." For a long minute the two glared at each other, and as the owner of the house reached for his revolver the stranger dashed into the darkness.—Free Press.

### A PECULIAR SHARPER.

A Man Who Makes a Living Out of Breaking His Leg.

Of all the means of gaining a livelihood in the world, says the Kansas City Star, that of an individual who was in the city a day or two ago is probably entitled to the championship. The name he was last known to fame as traveling under was John L. Wells, and he attracted the attention of a Star reporter, who knew his peculiar history. Wells is a professional cripple, not of the variety who wear a placard and hold a hat in their laps at corners, but a more enterprising person altogether, who makes a good living blood-sucking corporations and cities. He first attracted attention in Detroit, Mich., where a number of years ago he brought suit against a local railroad for damages sustained in being ejected from the train, resulting, he claimed, in the breaking of his leg. The case seemed to be all straight, and the company compromised for \$2,000 rather than stand the expense of a lawsuit. Some time afterward he fell on a bad spot on an Indianapolis (Ind.) pavement, again breaking his leg, and the city compromised for a respectable consideration rather than stand a suit which seemed certain to go against them. In 1881 he came to Leadville, Col., fell down, broke the much-suffering leg, and sued the city. Some wafflings of his crookedness had reached the benighted camp, and it employed detectives to look up the man's record. Their investigations showed that he had, in different parts of the country, broken his leg about twelve different times, dislocated his hip eight times, and hurt his spine twice, for all of which he received valuable considerations. However, there was nothing besides this to invalidate his claim, and they gave him \$600 to withdraw it.

Leaving Leadville he went to Colorado Springs, Col., where he promptly hunted up a defective spot on one of the pavements, and sustained a compound fracture of the right leg below the knee. His fame, however, had preceded him, and a vigilance committee called to interview him upon the matter and anoint him with tar and feathers, whereupon he leaped out a window and took to the tall timber on his maimed member. He was not heard from again until the papers of Cincinnati, Ohio, a little less than two years ago, contained an account of one J. H. Wells falling in an open scuttle-hole on Vine street and sustaining a cruel fracture of his leg. Shortly after the court proceedings published included reference to a suit entitled West vs. the city of Cincinnati, and claiming \$10,000 damages. Again his peculiar history was ventilated, and again he made so good a showing, despite the obvious fact that he was a swindler, that the city was glad to compromise upon the basis of \$900. If he has practiced his peculiar profession since, he has not been heard from in this section of the country, but his good clothes and well-fed look conveyed the impression that there was more or less suffering among corporations elsewhere.

Wells is a perfect martyr in his cause, and will lay patiently on a sweating summer day with his leg enveloped in plaster of paris bandages, waiting for the city to come to time. In dislocations of the hip he is said to be great, and his evident agony is guaranteed to move the hardest hearted of committeemen. Wells has a rather attractive little wife, who helps him out materially in his business, and generally appears on the ragged edge of starvation on account of the accident. Taking all in all, it is doubtful if the country contains another pair of such unique and clever sharpers.

### Turkish Traits.

Coffee drinking is a grave matter with a Mohammedan, and he takes his pleasure sadly, writes a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle from Constantinople. He will sit for hours without speaking a word, and, in general, it is easier to get a Missouri down off of a fence than to wake a Turk on such occasions into animation. A dog fight, perhaps, will fetch him quicker than anything else. But he is subject to such sudden and immediate relapses that the dogs are losing interest, and will not fight without personal provocation. They are a blessing to the Turks, these dogs. They are not only useful to them as scavengers for their cities, but afford them their greatest amusement, and supply by their presence, a constant object for religious veneration, for they do venerate them. If a Mohammedan gets very drunk and wants to run amuck, and is afraid to go out and kill a man for fear of the after consequence, when he gets to feeling real nice and murderous he takes his knife and sticks it recklessly into the first dog he meets.

If he is real murderous he kills two, and so great is the respect for the canines that he gets more reputation as a "bad man" out of this proceeding than if he had killed four or five mere Mohammedans. A pasha ranks nearly up to a dog in point of secular respect, but the dog holds over him in religious sanctity. The dog has the right of way in the public streets, and I have seen a heavy pack train turn aside for one lying asleep on the cobbles. So fully assured are they of their social position that they have lost the sensitiveness one expects from the race in civilization. One day in the fish market a greasy, yellow fellow walked into a stall and selected a good sized fish while the vender's back was turned, hauled it down and began licking it preparatory to making a meal. A Turk never allows his religion to drop into matters of loss and gain, and the owner of the fish sacrilegiously interfered with a club. A civilized dog would have taken the hint and departed, but this canine saint had too much respect for his cloth. Relying on his sanctity, at the first blow he sat down on the pavement by the fish and lifted up his voice to heaven in a howl. He shivered and squirmed and wrinkled his skin as the blows grew more persuasive, but it was some minutes before he was convinced that the affair was not a joke; and that he really was not wanted. It is the foreigners who abuse them most. It is hard for a Christian not to kick a dog when it takes up the road and makes no effort to give room. But they return good for evil, and, at the most, do little more than howl. They never move certainly. I kicked one that was sitting on the pavement so hard behind that he tilted clear over and struck on his nose. He did not pay any attention or make a sound. He just tilted back into his old position and went on sunning himself without even looking around. They are even more impassive than the ulemas, or Koran readers.

### The Beaver's House.

One is usually disappointed with the first view of a beaver's house. Instead of the symmetrical, round, plastered dome we are led to expect from most popular accounts, there is seen instead an irregular pile of sticks, mingled with rushes, grass, and stones, broad at the base as compared with the height, and of the same general order of architecture as the dam. Apparently devoid of system, it resembles nothing so much as a gigantic crow's nest turned upside down by the border of a pond or stream. And yet, though they are not plastered smoothly, and the interior exhibits but rough walls merely evened by cutting close the twigs that project through the building (the whole affair apparently conceived and put together in a helter-skelter fashion), they are very compact, exhibiting both solidity and firmness, and are well adapted to warmth and protection. Each dwelling consists of but one apartment, and this opens by a short incline beneath the surface of the water into a channel dredged to sufficient depth to avoid being blocked by ice in winter. It is easy to determine whether a dwelling is in present occupation by the appearance of the trails over which the beaver drags his supplies from the wood; by the freshly-peeled sticks, the bark of which has served for food, and which are invariably heaped up upon the house itself; and in winter by the melting snow on the roof caused by the exhalations from the occupants.—Popular Science Monthly.

### No Need to Drown.

"I always dread the return of the season when sea bathing is indulged in," said a gentleman. "My family have had several narrow escapes, and still they have a perfect mania for the water." "Why, there is no need to be afraid," answered his friend, "if you but retain your presence of mind. When you find yourself in deep water you will sink at first, but if you do not struggle, you will come quickly to the surface again. On reaching it immediately draw a full breath and throw your head back. This will have the effect of placing you in a recumbent position on the surface of the water. Now, this is the most critical moment for those who do not know what to do next. Extend your arms at once on the level with your shoulders, with the palms of your hands downward, and begin gently paddling in the water with the movement of the wrist only. Extend your legs quietly and slowly in a line with your body. If you raise your arms, your head or your legs above the surface of the water you will sink, but if you have the presence of mind not to do so and not to struggle about, you will never sink, so long as you keep paddling gently without exertion. So you may float on until you are picked up, or until you are numbed by the cold."—New York Sun.

### The Arbutus.

Looks so shy and innocent,  
Blushes like a startled thing;  
Who would think it knew the whole  
Of the secrets of the spring?  
Keeps its rosy ear laid low,  
Hacking, harking, at the ground,  
Never raised a syllable  
Of the slightest stir or sound.  
Checked often in its leaves,  
Thinking how the world would wait;  
Searching vainly for a flower,  
Wondering why the spring was late.  
Other secrets, too, it knows,—  
Secrets whistled o'er its head;  
Underneath its snowy veil  
Of these secrets turn it red.  
Whisper on, glad girls and boys!  
Sealed the fragrant rosy well;  
You and spring are safe alike,  
Never the arbutus tells!  
—Lilies Hunt, in Atlantic Monthly.

### HUROROUS.

Good advice for the better—better quit.  
"I herd," is the way the cow-boy begins his conversation.  
Beware of dried apples. They love not wisely but to swell.  
The early fisherman beats the early bird in getting the worm.  
The piano is the most moral of instruments—being grand, upright and square.  
"This is a suggestion of spring," said the rat when the trap closed upon him.  
Who killed the greatest number of chickens? Hamlet's uncle did. "Murder most foul!"  
"What is it that you like about that girl?" asked one young man of another. "My arm," was the brief reply.  
"What is laughter?" asks a scientist. It is the sound you hear when your hat blows off.  
A young lady called her beau "Hon-y-suckle," because he is always hanging over the front railing.  
A convention of barbers was broken up because one man said he had a razoration he desired to offer.  
It is all folly to say love is blind. A fellow in love is very quick to detect if his girl smiles at the other chap.  
A correspondent of a fashion paper asks, "What shall I get for moths?" We would not get anything, but if the correspondent is fond of the moths a very acceptable present would be a sealskin sacque.

### THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Never wash in warm water before out in the cold air. Such a practice will roughen the skin. Warm water should be used only before retiring.  
To keep in good, sound health, one must take a certain amount of exercise. Exercising one part of the body and not another in the same degree, is wrong.  
Coarse brown paper soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead is good for a sick headache. If the eyelids are gently bathed in cool water the pain in the head is generally alleviated.  
Never wash the feet in warm water, except just before retiring. Cold water, with a little ammonia or salt dropped in, is much pleasanter and more healthful.  
Baking soda is one of the best known remedies for burns and scalds. It should be immediately applied, either wet or dry. It almost instantly relieves the burning sensation and helps to heal.  
Bathe weak eyes daily in salt water; not salt enough to cause a smarting sensation. Nothing is more strengthening, says an exchange, and we know several persons who, after using this simple tonic for a few weeks, had put aside the spectacles they had used for years, and did not resume them, continuing, of course, the often-repeated daily use of salt water. Never force your eyesight to read or work in insufficient or too broad light. Reading with the sun upon one's book is very injurious to the eyes.

### Mexican Brigands.

Brigandage is fast dying out in Mexico, thanks to the civilization which always follows in the wake of the locomotive; but in the city of Mexico itself a band of robbers, known as "The Strangers," are still in full security of their powers. These midnight murderers envelop their victim in their cloak, stifle his cries in its folds, and murder and rob him. Until recently they had a female decoy, who lived at the best hotels, and who would, in some way, get the intended victim to follow her until she reached the spot selected for his destruction, when a low whistle would bring a dozen brigands from their hiding place. The woman was captured a short time ago, and is now in jail, but all efforts to break up this murderous gang have so far proved fruitless.



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